

College Sport

-It has worked out.

-The alums were livid when this whole bush conference dropped football.

-Well, they're just as rabid about Bobby-Boy as they were about...

-He beat the Jesuit's nag by three lengths!

-Those priests and brothers must pray about that anger!

-Next for him: Spedford College!

-They should turn over stable keys to the glue factory.

-Noted. I can't see Bobby-Boy losing, at least not in the conference.

-By the bye, he wants to retire after that last race. Become a student.

-Uh huh? And the farmer took another load away!

-No, really.

-Last I looked, our language of instruction isn't Horse.

-His English comprehension about Sophomore Level, High School. He speaks more, well, Freshman Level there. But, going like hell lately. He'll qualify for admission.

-Yeah, of course! Uh huh? He recites Shakespeare to the guys around the stable.

-Jack London. He says Jack London could have been a horse!

-Leave!

-Okay. Right after one more thing. He wants to get married and has his eye on a coed. Her parents might phone you.

-No business of mine who or what anybody marries!
But why would a woman be...?

-You see package on him?

-We'll have to bring back football!